

Mirror editorials, etc.

Cooperation

News that American Glass Products has selected the City of Carbondale for a new manufacturing facility is, of course, good news. The area has suffered the "Employment Blues" for too long. Since Tioga shut down its operation on the West Side several years ago, the city has been searching for an industry to take over the vacant building.

Now with the help of the Scranton Chamber of Commerce, the Carbondale Area Chamber of Commerce was able to attract the industry which will provide 40 jobs. The way the industry was lured to the city shows what cooperation between people, agencies, and businesses can do.

For too many years we have been asking — pleading might be a better word — for local residents to pull together and cooperate with the goal of making the area a better place to live, work, and play.

Warning signs

Now, we hope that this show of cooperation can be continued, with results which will reinforce that working together.

Several years ago it was brought before Carbondale City Council that warning signs be placed near city schools. These warning signs would be of the type with flashing yellow lights and flashing speed limit warning.

As we recall, council was favorable toward the idea, but it was decided to contact the school district to see if the district would help foot the bill.

After that we don't remember what happened.

Job well done!

Another Pioneer Days week is done. And it was well done. Who will be able to forget the excitement created by the arrival of those celebrities for the parade? And the rides for the children and all the food and refreshment stands? In one short week an entire year's work is culminated. That work was well worth it and it was appreciated by us here at the Mirror.

Top of the town

WELCOME TO THE third edition of the new Top of the Town column. And warning to those of you who are reading the column for the first time. Too much of this column can be harmful to your health.

AFORE WE FORGET — we want to say hello to all the wonderful people over at Wayman Knitting. That means Tom Rindock, Ethel Harrison, John Skates, Bud Hinton, J.A., etc., etc.

AFTER ALL, how can we ever forget all those wonderful mornings in '5, with the above mentioned crew trying to keep us busy.

And how about that morning that Bud — or was it Tom? — stuffed paper towels into our pair of gloves. We didn't notice until the following morning when we went to put them on.

JOKE-OR the week is. Along with just

about everyone else, Bill and Isabel are trying to economize.

For starters, they redefined the "family vacation." They decided they can go west and stay with two cousins and a brother along the way, or head south and lay over with a sister's family and a grandmother.

DRIVING OUR little trip throughout Europe and North America, we were across this little story from the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

FORGET the car. It's the little things that actually get us.

Going from the hatchery to the lake is actually getting it.

Even at the point of throwing up — some times so that the water in the holding tank becomes polluted and some of the fish die. But the fish people solved the problem by putting fish in tanks several days before transporting and not feeding them so that their stomachs empty naturally.

Until next year. Or is that next week?

MS. waters VS.

By NAN WATERS

(Ed. note: The opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the Carbondale MIRROR and its staff, but are exclusively those of the author.)

We have a friend, who had her kids at about age 30 and 31, who is wont to say, when the conversation warrants it, "I have great rapport with my children. There is absolutely NO generation gap."

Tell me about it, honey. There's got to be that one generation — three decades — is a more diverse than you might think. Take, for example, popular music.

We had occasion recently to attend a summer outing where a "big band" orchestra, featuring music of the forties and fifties, was playing an open air concert.

The kids, something sounds weird through the summer evening — tunes like "Moonlight Serenade," "Moonlight Cocktail," and "String of Pearls." Glenn Miller sounds. Jan Garber music. Boy, did it take us back to WWII — the forties — high school proms and crepe paper streamers and our first orchid corsage.

Most of the audience clustered around the mobile bandstand were of the forties and fifties vintage. A few of them listened up their 'Stepie' joints and danced. Most of us just listened, relaxing and reminiscing. You could see the warm glow of nostalgia on the faces and lips of the listeners. They hadn't heard this beautiful blend of harmony in a long time.

And then the kids — the younger generation — strolled by.

"What weird music!" one of them quipped. "It's like Lawrence Welk without the champagne." "Boy, it's this old 'Square Deal'!" You mean you really dig that Oldie Stuff?

Yes, I tell you. And we did. We don't dig "Bert Davis Eyes" and "Yoko Ono" waiting a memorial tribute to John Lennon. We like our music sweet and sad. And soft. It doesn't have to be played at 110 decibels. No wonder... are you ready... 75% of all college freshmen have some hearing impairment.

Reflections...



THIS IS the 1932 graduating class of St. Rose High School taken, apparently, on the school grounds on Lincoln Avenue in Carbondale. Names are lacking this week. Last week's Reflection photo had two of its people identified by Howard Wadsworth of Carbondale. They were Florence Russell, the teacher, and her brother Kenneth Russell.



A SIGN OF THE TIMES?

Letters to the editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR of the Carbondale Mirror are invited from readers and non-readers alike. Fair play and accuracy are the basic guidelines. The name, address, and telephone number of the writer is requested, but will be withheld from publication should the letter-writer ask so and provide a good reason. The editors of the Mirror reserve the right to edit or reject any letter.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. Paul Starzer
Managing Editor
The Carbondale Mirror
64 Fairbrook Street
Carbondale, PA 18407

Dear Paul:

Congratulations on your latest success. The Carbondale MIRROR. It's very nice to have you back on the news scene in Carbondale.

Sincerely yours,
S. Robert Powell
Post Office Box 161
Carbondale, PA 18407

How to survive

Sir:

In the event of a nuclear attack, after the nuclear missiles have reached their pre-designated targets in the United States, only eight per cent of our land will be completely destroyed (cities, missile centers, military bases, etc., according to government reports). This means that 92 per cent of our land will only receive fallout (miniature x-rays that can destroy living tissue) or may be nothing at all.

There may be a period of time before fallout arrives in our area due to the fact that the fireball (hot gases) created by the explosion rises to great heights and will be carried downward by the upper air flow. Heavier fallout particles will fall to earth first and the lighter particles later.

What can we do during this crucial period? If it is summertime, have one member of your family (after the 34-minute period that it takes the missiles to reach the target) go outside and dig a trench.

In America 110 million people would live in spite of themselves because they happen to inhabit the 92 per cent of the land that would receive only fallout or nothing at all. Stated to die would be 110 million Americans, because they live on the eight per cent of the land that would come under missile fire.

If every man, woman and child would have the benefit of one hour's instruction concerning radiation we could possibly save 45 million of the 110 million slated to die in the case of a nuclear attack.

People living in the fringe area (zones C and D) could save themselves if they knew what to do. If an attack should take place presently in the United States many people would go to their windows to watch following an explosion and this would be the most fatal thing they could do because of the shock front created by the explosion.

Respectfully submitted
William H. Bird NRC Licensee
Certified Government Instructor
Munsey, Pa.

The Carbondale Mirror is published weekly by Dale Bonare, Inc., 44 Fairbrook St., Carbondale, Pa. 18407. Telephone 717-262-0786. Managing editor: Paul Starzer, feature editor: Nan Waters, night editor: Pete Smith, office manager: Bernadette Starzer.

Library gets \$500 donation

The Carbondale Public Library recently received a donation of \$553 from the East Side Baseball Association, Inc.

This donation brought the total of the library's annual fund drive to \$11,700 — \$2,500 short of the goal of \$14,000.

Donations are still being accepted for the drive and may be sent c/o the Carbondale Public Library.

Pioneer Days '81

Thoughts on Pioneer Days

I love a parade

By NAN WATERS

I love a parade.

What kid, from 3 to the 63, doesn't? Before the parade passes by, there's an energy, an excitement in the air that you can feel, and you can almost see.

Saturday's Third Annual Pioneer Days parade, which took almost two hours, was no exception.

Spectators began gathering early, before high noon, for the 1 p.m. procession. Parents pushing kids in umbrella-handled strollers, vendors hawking colorful flags and toys and over-priced balloons, older people settling themselves into porch chairs along the parade route. Many of them came fully equipped ... with expensive cameras, cameras and radios.

And as stepping-off time approached, the scream of sirens and bull horns wracked the air. Sirens were overcast ... the day was grey. "When's it coming?" asked little kids, huddled along the curb. "When's it coming, Dad?"

And then it began ... the behemoths of the Carbondale Fire Company, trucks and engines, one after the other ... the motorcycle police ... four mounted Pennsylvania State Police forming an honor guard.

Bands, pom-pom girls, baton twirlers, marching smartly, brightly, in cadence ... one after the other.

The politicians and elected officials in their shiny convertibles ... including a state senator and a Congressional Medal of Honor winner.

Classic cars ... the celebrities ... Carmen Basilio and Oscar Robertson, and, at last ... the Lone Ranger. Slit-throat horses, the Pioneer Days queen and her pretty attendants, looking self-conscious. More bands ... the Motor Corps motorcycles. The West Point Army Band ... twirlers, beautifully decorated floats, the McIntire Air Force Band, more horses ... more floats, the Kitchen Band whooping it up on a flatbed truck.

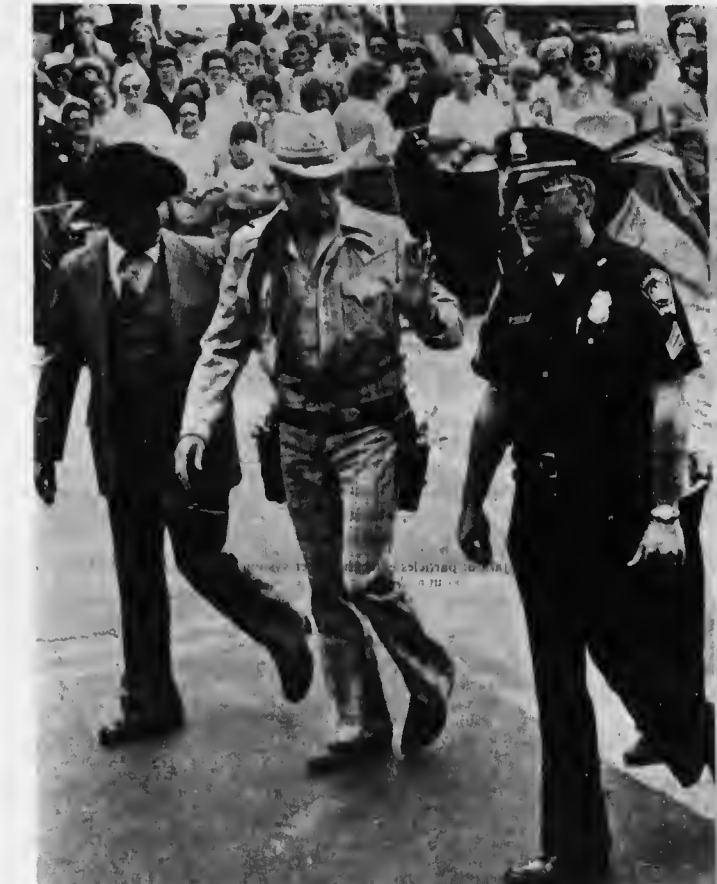
Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, the National Guard ... a kaleidoscope of color, one unit after the next.

On they came, stepping to the music, tiny tots and older folks, blue-uniformed, white gloved firemen, bearing silver vases filled with fresh flowers in memory of their departed brothers ... and then more fire trucks and ambulances.

When at last the procession ended, the crowd, dispersed, bearing folded lawn chairs and umbrellas. A tiny tot stood helplessly as her sister, heart-shaped balloon broke from its string and floated up over Salem Avenue.

The creek of people, many toting goldfish in plastic bags, and kids' portraits stepped out on computers, from the Pioneer Days stands, headed for home.

Traffic thickened, kids whined, friends greeted each other. We wound our way out of traffic and headed down Route 6 for home. A sign at a Child's restaurant, in tribute to the Lone Ranger, said it all: "Happy Train, Kemo Sabe."



TO PLEASE CROWD from Sixth Avenue to Seventh Avenue on Main Street, Clayton Moore, the actor who was the original Lone Ranger, walks down Main Street. Escorting the parade's grand marshal are Joe Bianco, left, and Sgt. Thomas Murphy. Dignitaries, including Moore, departed parade route at city hall grandstand, leaving crowd past that point without seeing the star until he asked to walk down street.



OSCAR ROBINSON, National Basketball great, waves to photographer from his grandstand seat while Carmen Basilio, seated at right, watches Saturday's Pioneer Days parade.

Photos by Daugevelo



CROWD ALONG Main Street section of parade route was similar to this group photographed across from reviewing stand.



MEALS ON WHEELS Kitchen Band provided music for the crowds as they went along Saturday afternoon.



ANNUAL FAVORITE in local parade, this antique Martz Lines bus travels past part of Main Street crowd.



LITTLE LEAGUE PHILLIES are No. 1. The team rode along parade route in pickup truck complete with their names inscribed on sides.